THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXXV.

MOBS.

"*Odi profanum vulgus.*"

MORALISTS have taken such liberties with scripture; they have in consequence so often had occasion to pray, "forgive the sins of our holy things;" that leaving books sacred to men of the cloth, The Wanderer takes a text from profane writ.

In some verse of I know not what chapter of FLACCUS HORATIUS may be found words, which will serve his turn quite as well, as any line in the bible, and the "*Odi profanum vulgus*" enjoys this eminent advantage, that should he by any possibility be disposed to trifle, the injunction, "with reverence be it spoken," will not be imposed as a check.

When I see men on a public day crowd round the spot of conflicting pugilists; vociferate ejaculations to give new sinews to the combatants; smile as the face grows livid, and grin as the blood runs, my fists involuntarily clench indignant; I could fight the whole. "*Odi profanum vulgus;*" I then hate the mob.

When I observe the very men, who are thus turbulently joyful on these occasions, affect to admire the sensibility of STERNE's black wench, "flapping away flies—not killing them," and pretend a love for dogs, cats, kittens, I think their affections altogether *beastly*.

"I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."

"*Odi profanum vulgus;*" I loathe the mob.

When I mark the popular preference of *German* lead to *British* gold; when I see men flock to the theatre at the introduction of SCHILLER and KOTZEBUE, but leave the seats empty at the entrance of SHAKESPEARE, as were those of the Roman senate at the entrance of CATALINE, as if the company of either were equally disgraceful; my blood boils; I could rend the dome with imprecations. I quit the house in disgust and exclaim, as I pass through the door, "*Odi profanum vulgus;* I hate the mob.

When too I visit the theatre at the exhibition of the dramas of this great bard, and view the listless apathy of most of the audience, till some low buffoonery wakes them to ecstasy; I feel ashamed of my place; I shrink into nothingness. The still, small voice of some invisible prompter whispers in my ear, "*Odi profanum vulgus;*" I hate the mob.

Taste, thou "art fled" indeed "to brutish beasts"
"And men have lost" discernment!

When I see a council of five hundred, whether in French or translated, solemnly convene to debate, produce systems, and legislate; five hundred lawgivers! I turn suddenly indignant, am pedant enough to cry out "*Odi profanum vulgus*," and, for the benefit of country members, *I hate the mob.*

Whenever I am unluckily caught in the company of ladies, or happen to be present *at a tea party*, where the talk is about gowns and cloaks, and becoming dresses, the beauty of a particular belle, handsome men, slander and plays, who is married and who courting, the Babel confounds me. I groan out, "*Odi profanum vulgus*," and the company mistake it for a compliment. It is then more than ever that *I hate the mob.*

There is a vulgar eccentricity, that is equally disgustful with the most slavish obsequiousness. Independence may be as servile as imitation. The man, that labours, in every action and movement of his life, to distinguish himself from the common herd, is even more a slave to leave, than others are to follow, the mob. In matters of indifference it is wisdom to regard fashion and folly to oppose it. "Follow not the "multitude to do evil" is the only exaction; "*profanum vulgus*" the sole object of odium. It is to do evil, not to follow the multitude to do good. It is indeed not to be among the *profane vulgar*, but it is to be the *profanely distinguished.* A man may be upright without bending backward.

There is another sort of profanity, which may be called vulgar, because common. It is that men in general are so apt to confound relative duties. Their system of principle seems to be in chaos, and the light of justice not yet to have emerged. They forget this virtue. Whatever they take from creditors, if they expend in the education of their children, they think their peace made with their conscience and heaven. But let them remember, there is no virtue without justice. BRUTUS sacrificed sons, soul and body, to justice. Are we degenerate? Forbid it, heaven! Not a child in the country, but would rather take a stone for bread, than not have his father wear the crown of glory, integrity. The deviation is indeed amiable; but it is still a deviation. "The angel as he penned it down," might drop "a tear upon" the record; but he could not blot it out.

In one of my late wanderings I strolled near the scene of a public execution. My eye was fixed on the scaffold. That many headed monster, the people, surrounded it. The convict was separated only by a plank from the deep unknown. At that moment an apple or an egg was thrown and passed near his blindfold face. The laugh of inanity was heard hideous. Is this the nation? Nations then have no souls. It was the laugh of hell. The grin horrible struck home and sunk me in dejection. "*Profanum vulgus!*" I detest the mob.

Would to heaven civilization would utterly exterminate public executions! They tend to convert men into fierce barbarians. They destroy sympathy and deaden feeling. Instead of preventing crimes by the force of terrific example, they increase them by the entire destruction of those social virtues, which are essential to the existence of social purity. S.

REVIEW.

An Inaugural Oration, delivered at the installation of the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, Thursday 12th June, 1806. By John Quincy Adams.

With the utmost respect for the profound erudition and popular talents of the Harvard Orator by profession, we attempt a review of his "Inaugural Oration."

Not being of the ear witnesses to this splendid performance, we shall be in no danger of having yielded "the guidance of criticism to the dominion of the voice." The work is in print and palpable to sight. The style is the object. From such a character on so august an accasion, it will probably be attended with the most important effects. It may be regarded, at least in New-England, as a model for correct composition. It is the style of a Professor of Oratory, and the Professor an Adams.

It is for these reasons, and on account of the extremely influential situation of the writer on the taste of the public, that we shall be more minute in attention to this discourse, than might be otherwise requisite. If it have any faults, however trivial, they ought to be noted, as they may soon get to be general. They come from the oracle of eloquence, and may be hallowed as the language of divinity.

In the very threshold of this discourse we are not a little surprised at meeting the phrase, "*many a person.*" It has the sanction of precedents, but is still a barbarism.—Mr. Adams as a lawyer must often have felt, that there may be precedents without right. Great names give not law to rhetoric. Principles test precedents. The system of rules should guide, even though those, who established it, should be found themselves to have deviated. Better keep close to the line, when once struck, should even those who strike it, inadvertently fall below. We must else have Reports of cases to settle correctness of diction, and Rhetoric herself must stagger "under the lumber of a thousand volumes." The substitution of the correct phrase, *many persons*, may indeed often, as in this instance, infringe harmony. But surely there are trisyllables enough in the language of similar signification and accent to render the epithet, "many a," wholly unnecessary even on this account. We had hoped its outlawry had long since been effectually pronounced from the tribunals of taste. It seems to be a sort of unmanageable compound, which the greatest literary giant is utterly unable to wield. In the sentence before us, it is *singular*; it is *plural*; it is exclusively *neither*.

"In forming an estimate of the moral or intellectual merits of *many a person, whose name is (singular)* recorded in the volumes of history, *their virtues and vices are (plural)* so nearly balanced, that their *station (singular)* in the ranks of fame *has* never been precisely ascertained, and their *reputation (singular)* even after death, *vibrates* upon the hinges of events, with which *they have (plural)* little or no "perceptible connexion." This confused alternation of singular and plural within the same period, we think not warranted even on the liberal supposition, that this heterogeneous compound, "*many a person*" can be considered as a noun of multitude singular. Such nouns admit verbs in the singular or plural *either*, but not *both*. Nor are the sibilations of this sentence lessened by adopting the phrase, "*many a person.*" If they were, this might be some reason, since these, after all, are in

English numerous enough. But throughout the whole of this period taking the sibilant termination from the substantive *(person,)* adds it to the verb, and adding it to the substantive takes it from the verb. "*Reputation*" and "*station*" are in this period for another reason words of doubtful correctness. From the context in the members of the sentences, in which they are respectively found, it seems the author must have taken the remote antecedent *collectively;* that there was a *unity* attached to it. As in SHAKESPEARE;

"O, *thou* fond *many!* with what loud applause
Didst *thou* beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was, what *thou* wouldst have him be?"

2 *Hen.* 4.

We conceive however this unity cannot apply here. Mr. A. cannot mean, when he speaks of "the moral or intellectual merits" of a multitude, "their virtues and vices," the merits, virtues, and vices of the multitude *collectively*, but *individually;* not *of the whole*, but of *each.* If he do mean *collectively*, then he ought not to have spoken of these attributes in the *plural.* But from the whole period together it is evident he does *not.* It should then read *their stations, their reputations*, with correspondent alterations in the verbs. The idea being, not the station and reputation of the multitude, *as an aggregate*, but the station and reputation of *every individual respectively*, that composed that multitude. But in all this maze is this sentence involved merely from the treachery of that Vandal barbarian, "many a person."

In the second section we should have passed without notice the flatness of the phrase "*bringing* the mind," had it not occurred in a production so generally marked for dignified diction.

"As the necessary *adjunct* and vehicle of reason," says the Orator, "the faculty of speech was also bestowed as an exclusive privilege upon man." Mathematics and Rhetoric are not very congenial. We wonder the harmony of Mr. A's disposition could have suffered them to approach thus near to each other. The literal and metaphorical seem too closely united. Nor is the remark substantially true. Speech is not the "*necessary adjunct* of reason;" since there may be reason without speech. Mr. A. seems aware of this, when in the next page he says, "It is by the means of *reason, clothed with speech*, that the most precious blessings of social life are communicated."

"As the necessary *adjunct and vehicle* of reason, the faculty of speech was also bestowed as an exclusive privilege upon man: not the mere utterance of articulate sounds; not the mere cries of passion, which he has in common with the lower orders of animated nature, but as the *conveyance of thought; as the means of rational intercourse.*

These last expressions make the phrase "*vehicle of reason*" tautological. Bring the members together and the propriety of this remark will be obvious. "As the vehicle of reason, the faculty of speech was also bestowed as the conveyance of thought; as the means of *rational* intercourse." Strike out, "*as the necessary adjunct and vehicle of reason*" and let the period read, "The faculty of speech was also bestowed as an exclusive privilege upon man: not the mere utterance of articulate sounds; not the mere cries of passion, which he has in common with the lower orders of animated nature, but as the *conveyance of thought; as the means of rational intercourse* with his fellow-creature, and of hum-

ble communion with his God."—The whole will then stand as perhaps the author intended.

—"Through the long series of Greek and Roman history down to the gloom of universal night, in which the glories of the Roman empire *expired*, the triumphs and the splendor of eloquence *are* multiplied and conspicuous."

Here with submission we think, "*expired*" should have been in the present time; or "*are*" in the past. The beginning of the next sentence "*Then* it was, &c." shows that the past would have been preferable and uniformity aided by the substitution of *were*.

The brilliancy of the next section is too dazzling for the eye of analysis:

"In the flourishing periods of Athens and Rome, eloquence was POWER. It was at once the instrument and the spur to ambition. The talent of public speaking was the key to the highest dignities: the passport to the supreme dominion of the state. The rod of Hermes was the sceptre of empire: the voice of oratory was the thunder of Jupiter. The most powerful of human passions was enlisted in the cause of eloquence, and eloquence in return was the most effectual auxiliary to the passion. In proportion to the wonders she achieved, was the eagerness to acquire the faculties of this mighty magician. Oratory was taught as the occupation of a life. The course of instruction commenced with the infant in the cradle, and continued to the *meridian* of manhoood."

In this last period is a similar union of the literal and metaphorical, which has been noticed in one other instance. Had *maturity* been adopted in lieu of "*meridian*," simplicity would perhaps have been better preserved.

The address to the sons of Harvard is peculiarly apposite; but here again is a seeming confusion of number.

"Sons of Harvard! you who are ascending with painful step and persevering toil the eminence of science to prepare *yourselves* for the various functions and employments of the world before you, it cannot be necessary to urge upon YOU the importance of the art, concerning which I am speaking. Is it the purpose of your future *life* to minister in the temples of Almighty God, to be the *messenger* of heaven upon earth, to enlighten with the torch of eternal truth the path of your fellow mortals to brighter worlds? Remember the reason assigned for the appointment of Aaron to that minstry, which you purpose to assume upon *yourself*."

The words, "*life*" and '*messenger*,' in italics are doubtful. They ought rather to be both in the plural. But "*yourselves*" and "*yourself*" cannot both apply to the same antecedent and both be proper. Yet "Sons of Harvard!" is here the sole antecedent to both.

Invidious duty is finished. A task far more difficult remains, the selection of beauties. It is easier to find specks in the sun, than to count the stars.

The oration is marked with all that fertility of classic allusion, which was to be expected from the author's renown for acquaintance with the lore of antiquity. The plan is easy and natural. The use made of "the testimonial of Omnipotence" in favor of the orator; "I KNOW THAT HE CAN SPEAK WELL" is admirable and to us novel. SOCRATES first brought philosophy from heaven. But we here witness a nobler attempt. The heavens are bowed to do honor to eloquence. The allegorical personification of eloquence is beautiful throughout. "At the revival of letters in modern Europe, eloquence together with her sister muses awoke, and shook the poppies from her brow. But their torpors still tingled in her veins." Can *torpors tingle?* The boldness of the figure, that represents eloquence as *shrinking* "*intuitively from the forum*," at the recollection "of the last object" she

saw there, "*the head of her darling* CICERO, *planted upon the rostrum*," makes the blood chill with horror, and the heart for a moment forget to beat;

"Obstrepui, steteruntque comæ."

Her ascension of the "tribunals of justice;" "her child, Persuasion, manacled and pinioned by the letter of the law; an image of herself, stammering in barbarous Latin, and staggering under the lumber of a thousand volumes," have all inimitable grandeur and aptness. The address to the students is bold, yet judicious. The conception toward the close, "Gather fragrance from the whole paradise of science, and learn to *distil* from your lips all the honies of persuasion," may be fastidiously thought to savor more of the *vat*, than the *bee-hive*; yet strikes us on the whole as a very happy combination. Hypercriticism indeed may object her ignorance of the process by which *fragrance* can be *distilled* into *honey*. But though small errors may escape, Mr. A. is familiar in the palaces of eloquence and at home in the halls of Minerva. The *erudition*, introduced in this discourse with all the easy familiarity of a polite scholar, and the known felicity of the author at delivery, must have struck the audience at the time with the force of one living example, where bountiful heaven had bestowed at once "the blessing of wisdom and the readiness of utterance." They must have been wrapt in ecstacy of attention and "have listened to the practice of the art with admiration and despair."

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS
And Original Remarks.

There is something to please even in an epitaph. In contemplating a tombstone, the sigh of sympathy for deceased worth is sometimes commingled with the smile of approbation for living ingenuity. In a late English Magazine we find the following inscription inserted from a stone in the porch of the church at Weston-super-Mare, Somerset county (England.)

"Here lieth the body of Peter Day, yeoman, who departed this life the 28th Jvly, 1695.

"His life was holy,
He dy'd in love,
Here rest his body,
His sovl's above."

As you approach the rails of the Communion, awe at the sanctity of the place is a little relieved by a a smile at a quaint inscription on a tomb-stone within them.

"Of two brothers born together.
Cruel Death was so vnkind,
As to bring the eldest hither,
And the yovnger leave behind;
May George live long;
Edgar dy'd yvong,
For born he was

To Master Sam. Willan, Rectovr of this place, of Jane his wife, Sept. 5, 1680, and bvryed Feb. the eleventh, 1686. The 9th Did pvt an end to all his pain, And sent him into everlasting gain.

The closing lines of an Epitaph in Orton Church yard, Westmoreland, (Eng.) form a striking instance of the happy abrupt. They have good point and no bad moral. It is an epitaph on *Charles Stanhope*.

When his last hour approach'd (his friends around)
He fault'ring said, "Peace is by virtue found;
O, Conscience! thou it is who hast the power, [hour;
T' assuage the anguish of this fearful
Virtue *on earth has* its reward" he cries:
No, it has not, for here *Charles Stanhope* lies

The following *lucky hit* is taken from that elegant Melo-Drama, "The sleeping beauty," the avowed

production of that celebrated classic *in ton*, Mr. Skeffington. It strikes at the cant about the purity of the times "one hundred years ago."

BALLAD.

"One hundred years ago,
As well as in these times,
The world had specious show,
And just as many crimes.
The Courtier's ready smile
Could then false hopes bestow;
Nay, beauty could beguile
One hundred years ago.

"Men breath'd the artful vow,
And maids that vow receiv'd;
They flatter'd, e'en as now,
And were as well believ'd.
Young hearts were often sold;
For, if estate were low,
They barter'd love for gold
One hundred years ago."

There is point moral as well as epigrammatic in the subsequent lines on the proposal of a subscription for raising a naval column to the memory of Nelson, and the remainder to go to the widows and orphans, &c.

Lo, the widows and orphans lamenting their dead,
Whose husbands and fathers with Nelson have bled!
Till these are reliev'd, let your *column* alone;
When they ask you for *bread*, would you give them *a stone?*

The following extracts are taken from a popular translation of a work, entitled "The French Anas."

My friend M. Benserade had a witty and very singular method of expressing himself on every occasion. We were one day conversing on poetry, and he, commending his favourite bard Adam Menusier, observed, that "No person since his time appeared capable of imitating him."——"Sir," says Benserade, "the fellow climbed Mount Parnassus with a ladder, and when he had ascended, he drew it up after him."

BOLAEANA.

Boileau, in his satire addressed to Moliere, wrote the following lines on the shackles of rhyme:

Maudit soit le premier dont la verve insensée,
Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma sa pensée,
Et donnant a ses mots une etroite prison,
Voulut avec la rime enchainer la raison.

IMITATED.

Curs'd be the man who first, with addled brain,
By metre dar'd the pow'rs of wit restrain;
In verse imprison ev'ry thought sublime
And, slave-like, hug the clanking chains of rhyme.

MENAGIANA.

BON MOT.

Petition in verse to Louis XIV. imitated.

Father S—— was happy in his turn for French rhymes; and I am sorry that the following verses of his to the King, asking him for a vacant benefice, did not succeed, as the living was already given away.

Most valiant Sir, from rival kings to snatch
The sword of empire is your vast ambition;
From rival monks this benefice to catch,
Is mine, as signified by this petition.
Tho' different our aims, yet ne'er the less,
One point to each a common wish secures;
Pledge but yourself, great Sir, for my success,
With the same zeal that I would pledge for yours.

The above verses remind me of others addressed by an eminent counsellor to a very pretty woman his client.

Imitated from the French.

If what I ask I cannot gain,
You also, Ma'am, must plead in vain.
If I must lose the cause I plead,
Vain are your wishes to succeed;
Since you can see me when you choose,
My visits you should not refuse:
If what I claim you still deny,
You can no more succeed than I

EPIGRAM.

Upon the question, "Why women have not beards?" I have seen several copies of verses written, not philosophically, but giving humorous solutions. I insert the following Latin one, as a good specimen:

Quam bene prospiciens generi natura loquaci,
Cavit ut imberbis, fœmina quæque foret;
Nimirum linguam compescere nescia, radi
Illæsis posset fœmina nulla genis.

IMITATED.

Nature regardful of the babbling race,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
Not Packwood's razors, tho' the very best,
Could shave a chin that never is at rest.

SANTOLIANA.

The Abbe *** was walking with Santeul one day in the King's garden, and mentioning a certain Lady, was very extravagant in the praises which he bestowed on her. Santeul interrupted the Abbe, by observing, that there was still much left to say about her. "What have I omitted to say?" replied the Abbe. "That the Lady has many traits of character, which you have not mentioned, and none that you have, Sir," retorted Santeul.

Santeul's favourite amusement was to keep finches. Wanting two hard eggs in order to feed his favourite birds, he applied to the cook of the convent for them. The man, who thought that the demand was too frequently repeated, denied his request. Santeul, in great anger, with his eyes rolling, and his fist clenched, repeated this line:

"Numquid Santolius non valet ova duo."

"Cannot Santeul command a brace of eggs?"

The cook, who did not understand this extemporary effusion of the Muse, and afraid of the poetical raptures of Santeul, immediately presented him with the eggs.

SCALIGERANA.

The love of poetry is never joined with a feeble and disingenuous mind; but indicates talents of uncommon magnitude, and forms the great delight of persons so illustrious. No one ever was a poet, or an admirer of poetry, that was not an honest man.

The following pathetic effusion from GRANT'S poem on the restoration of Learning in the East, is not to be surpassed by the most fortunate passages in English poetry. The whole performance is not merely eminent as a prize-poem. It affords a fair promise, that its author will soon be advanced among the peers of the literary realm, and transmit his dignities to the latest generation; that he will soon shine "last but not least" among the English classics. Addison observes, that he who is not pleased with the perusal of LIVY, has no taste for history. To test poets we propose another experiment. The man that can read the 14th line of the following extract,

"On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star."

and not feel its poetic effect, has no taste for poetry.

'Nor these alone: but lo! as Wellesley leads,
Rise other names, and a new race succeeds
Rous'd by his call, the youthful bands aspire
To Jones's learning or to Jones's fire;
In clust'ring ranks the meed of song they claim,
And toil and brighten up the steep of fame.
Thou too, had heaven but listen'd to our prayer,
Thou too, Mackenzie, shouldst have brightened there.
Oh, hopes dissolv'd, oh, prospects all decay'd!
Oh, dawn of glory opening but to fade!

Pleas'd we beheld thy early laurels bloom,
Nor knew they wove a trophy for thy tomb.
By Hoogley's banks, from kindred dust how far!
On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star.
But still affection views thy ashes near,
The mould is precious and that stone is dear:
Her nightly thought surmounts the roaring wave,
And weeps and watches round thy distant grave.
Yet say, why on that dark eventful day,
That call'd thee from the shores of Thames away,
When friendship's warmth, mid parting sorrows burn'd,
Hand press'd in hand, and tear for tear return'd;
Though hope was there all credulous and young,
Why on thy brow a cheerless shadow hung?
E'en at that hour did dark forebodings shed
O'er shivering nature some unconscious dread?
And felt thy heart new wounds of sadness flow,
Prophetic sadness and a weight of woe?

'How dark though fleeting are the days of man!
What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span!
For what is life? a groan, a breath, a sigh,
A bitter tear, a drop of misery,
A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,
A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.
Or wept or weeping all the change we know;
'Tis all our mournful history below.
Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,
And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy?
Oh haste that hour, whose rustling wings shall play
To warn the shades of guilt and grief away.'

THE QUAKER AND CURATE.

After the ceremony of marriage the curate demanded five shillings as his due.—"How dost thou prove from scripture," said the Quaker, "that thou oughtest to have from me such a share of earthly mammon?"—"Why," replied the curate, "I take it for granted, that the person you have just been married to is a woman of good character; and Solomon, in his Proverbs, observes, that a virtuous woman is a *crown* to her husband." The Quaker paid the money.

Literary Notices.

The Literary Magazine and American Register, published by Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, is a periodical publication of merit. In typography it equals the best Monthly papers of England. Its original, prosaic communications are able. But the man, that can dress well himself, is under less temptations to wear as his own the adornments of others. We are therefore the more surprised at noticing in this work, the frequent insertion of articles selected without any other than internal evidence to distinguish them from original productions. We cannot believe these editors calculate that many are probably ignorant to whose credit this stock should be transferred, that few know its fair owners, that consequently gain will be greater, than loss, and thus strike the balance in favor. Neither can they at this day doubt the right of literary property. The error probably arises from mere inattention, and it is therefore we notice it.

The Polyanthos, published in this town, is a fair candidate for popular favor. The style of engraving does honor to American artists, and deserves American patronage. The execution of the work is in general neat. Its Editor delves not in mines for incrusted ore, but labors with success in polishing refined metal. Literary bullion encumbers, where small coin will often pass current.

To Correspondents.

Caradoc has indeed "soared beyond the boundaries of imagined existences," and we cannot imagine where he is. "Existence saw" Shakespeare spurn her *bounded* reign." But existence spurns the *boundless* reign of Caradoc.

Phaon came too late.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

FABLE...18.

THE DANCING BEAR.

How foolishly appears the swain,
Who strives the public praise to gain,
By boldly practising those arts,
The most repugnant to his parts?
Among this blind courageous crew,
Who Fame's aerial flight pursue,
None is more vain than he who tries,
On Humour's waxen wings to rise.

O Pleasantry! capricious maid,
Why dost thou man's embrace evade?
Say how his suit may be sustain'd?
Say by what task the favour's gain'd?
Shall he secure thy grateful smiles,
By constant toil, or mystic wiles?
You oft the bold and learned spurn,
And now the vulgar serve your turn,
Thou here and there like light'ning flyest, [est.
The farthest off, when judg'd the nigh-
Methinks I see thee now advance,
With Trumbull leading up the dance;
To Yankee tune thy feet are heard,
Around the pole to freedom rear'd.
But now, more humble in thy choice,
Thou deign'st t'inspire a Yorick's voice,
(With epic rage engag'd no more)
"To set the table in a roar."
At length more captious grown dost scorn,
The incense to thine altar borne;
And our petitions turn to sport,
As those in office do at court?
With vigour, all thy smile pursue;
And who attain it? Very few.
But who their talents here misplace,
Receive derision and disgrace.

A country boy, with art and care
Had caught and tam'd a certain bear,
And taught him many humorous tricks,
To stand upright and leap o'er sticks.
Once on a day he sought a stone;
The surface broad and smoothly shone;
Here stood the beast for all t' admire,
The swain beneath conveys the fire;
Soon as the unsuspected heat,
Attacks our surly Bruin's feet,
He marches round with quicken'd pace,
And springs at length from place to place.
Such airy reel and rigadoon
No dancing bear had ever shewn:
His easy step, his agile bound,
So struck the wond'ring gazers round,
They thought no brute could e'er excel
This curious cub in dancing well;
Procuring thus, such great renown,
His fame increas'd thro' all the town.
But who can bear excess of praise?
It brings us pride, and then betrays.
His head, too fiery in the cause,
Like man's, grew giddy with applause.
His bosom burn'd to quit his chain,
And seek his native woods again;
The chance he found one lucky day,
The collar slipp'd, and skulk'd away;
Arriv'd at home, the bears attend,
And greet their long lamented friend—
He stops—was ever bear so blest,
When thus the feelings of his breast
An utterance found? "Too long disgrace
Hath stigmatis'd our clumsy race;
Such aukward actions we display,
That monkies hiss us on the way;
But scorn and slander shall subside,
And flippant apes no more deride.
I now appear to polish you,
(Thanks are to my exertions due)
Long living with the two-legg'd nation,
I boast a finish'd education:
By my example then improve,
Nor be despis'd throughout the grove,
You shall acquire each nimble feat,
And dancing render you complete.
Forthwith consent to copy me."
He said, and caper'd round a tree.
They prais'd his parts.—The general roar,
Inflam'd his heart to shine the more.
Then up the tree he mounts amain,
The branches scarce his weight sustain,
Till long success had made him bold;
The feeble limb gives way—behold!
Poor, vain, ambitious, thoughtless Bruin,
With horrid clash, and mighty ruin,
Falls headlong down—blood streams around,
He rolls his eyes, and bites the ground.
Thus have I known an aukward boy,
A partial parent's only joy,
Who, (so tardy was his genius,) bred,
Much like the bear of whom you read,
With every requisite unfit:
Attempt to climb the height of wit,
Till some sad joke, misquoted o'er,
Trundles him down to rise no more.

For the Emerald.

THE MORNING MORALIZED.

AURORA's breath, like spices sweet,
Now animates the morning ray,
While nature echoing joys repeats
To welcome in the new born day.

To greet the cheerful dappled dawn,
The feather'd *songsters* sweetly sing,
Who always to the rising morn,
Their ever grateful incense bring.

'Tis thus the SAINT from worldly care,
Ere Phœbus yet begins the day
To Heaven prefers his grateful prayer:
—The easiest recompence we pay!

When SOL rob'd in celestial fire,
O'er the dark world his blessing sheds,
The meaner stars and moon retire,
Secreting their indignant heads.

Though Falsehood may, like shades of night,
Seclude the truth with clouds maligh:
Ætherial TRUTH with beams of light;
Like Phœbus will forever shine.

How grand; where SOL begins to rise,
Appears the east with saffron hue;
For while he gilds the orient skies,
His beams exhale the liquid DEW.

Tis thus that FRIENDSHIP kind and meek,
Where sad affliction's woes appear,
Will gently from the grief-worn cheek
Exhale away the pearly TEAR.

Unable to withstand the light,
Where chaos and confusion are,
These horrid VAPOURS of the night
In misty clouds with shame repair.

When heaven-born knowledge from the skies,
On Truth its ray divinely throws,
'Tis thus, that shameful IGNORANCE flies,
To chaos and Cimmerian woes.

Thro' all the darkness of the night,
SOL does at length his pow'rs display,
All glorious, clad in rays of light,
He breaks majestic into day.

Tho' in the sable adverse hour,
Fair VIRTUE shudders in the gloom.
Soon by its own benignant power,
It flourishes in genial bloom.

What tho' in baleful grief array'd.
We may dejected Virtue find,
Yet like the sun, the heav'nly maid,
With rapture "breaks upon the mind."

POLLIO.

For the Emerald.

THE SEASONS.

WHEN Frank, to view the charms of May,
Across the meadows bent his way,
The Swallow brush'd the sparkling lawn
The Thrush his yielding mate caress'd,
The Lambs the verdant herbage press'd,
And Nature hail'd the rosy morn.

Frank pluck'd the lilly from its stem,
And shook from ev'ry flow'r a gem;
Each scene a new delight would bring.
The Eagles rapid wing he spy'd,
His fancy soar'd—enrapt he cry'd
"O that it always would be *Spring*.

The Spring with half her sweets retir'd,
A Summers's eve his bosom fir'd,
And o'er the fields again he stray'd;
The Sun was sinking in the west,
The Lark was cow'ring to her nest,
And round his heart new transports play'd.

He view'd the day's departing beam,
As thwart it glanc'd upon the stream,
And listen'd to the Linnet's lay;
Ten thousand beauties charm'd his sight;
Again he cry'd, with fresh delight,
"That *Summer* would but always stay!"

Time roll'd his ball—the Summer fled,
And Autumn came by Ceres led,
To crown her season with her lore:
Her horn the goddess fill'd display'd,
When Frank, who saunter'd o'er the glade,
Felt rising pleasures as before.

He snatch'd the cluster from its vine,
And thought its purple stream divine;
The blushing *Peach* new warm'd his heart;
The *Pear* a new desire imflam'd,
The *Plum* he tasted and exclaim'd
"That *Autumn* never would depart!"

At length the brumal monarch reigns,
On ice-tip'd wings he skims the plains,
And howls like Rapine's yell for blood!
With frosty chains the tyrant binds
Each hill and vale, the milder winds,
And sets his seal upon the flood.

Yet, mid these dreary scenes the boy
Felt still his bosom glow with joy,
And thought such bliss he'd tasted never!
When skating o'er the pool he sighs,
While pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
That *Winter* would but last forever!"

Thus to a pure, untainted mind,
By Folly's vices unrefin'd,
The *seasons* each enjoyment bring:
Hope fans the Summers subtle fire,
The gifts of Autumn bliss inspire,
And "Winter wears the smiles of Spring."

O, may I like the *urchin* prize
Each passing moment, as it flies,
And bow the heart at Nature's shrine!
Unlike those, then, who forward press,
Neglecting what they now possess,
My soul shall taste a bliss divine!

Newton, 1806. EDWIN.

For the Emerald.

ODE....TO CONTENT.

NYMPH of the valley and the straw roof'd cot,
With placid eye and cheek of rosy hue,
Sweet are the blessings of thy humble lot,
To virtue friendly and to pleasure true!

At early morn, when sweet the woodland song, [grove
Has waken'd rapture in the vernal
I've seen thee move with cheerful look along, [of love
Or pause to catch the tuneful notes
Within the field or on the grassy plain,
While beauty smil'd and fragrant breath'd the gale,
I've mark'd thee smiling by the patient swain,
Beguiling labor with enlivening tale.

The rosy milk maid with her pail in hand, [green,
And lightly hasting o'er the velvet
Has led thee captive in a russet band,
To share the pleasures of the sylvan scene.

At close of eve beside the lowly cot,
O'erhung with woodbines and with flow'rets gay, [spot
I've seen thee bless the love-inspiring
Where lisping infants mix in artless play.

Charm'd by thy smile, awakening tender bliss, [their arms;
The parents catch their darlings in
Upon their rosy lips imprint the kiss,
And hang with fondness o'er their budding charms.

And on the green, while mild the morn-beams glow,
And sweet the music of the pipes resound;
I've seen thee range along the rural row, [ground.
And gaily print in winding dance the
Endearing nymph; where'er thy footsteps stray,
The fairest flowrets of enchantment bloom;
Each scene thou cloth'st in beauty's rich array,
Each scene thy smiles with lovely charms illume. LEANDER.

For the Emerald.

DRINKING SONG.

LET the world be malicious and envy my bliss,
And make of their comments no end:
At the frown of ill manners I heartily hiss,
And seek in my bottle a friend.

When spirits are ebbing, and morals run low,
And none will my conduct commend;
On the mirth-hating herd I my vengeance bestow,
And find in my bottle a friend.

Should the ear of my mistress with saucy disdain
Refuse my soft tale to attend;
To hide my defeat and to soften my pain
I seek in my bottle a friend.

No mortal would take such abundance of pains,
My hazardous cause to defend,
For (to the last drop which its body contains)
My bottle continues a friend.

AMARANTHUS.

Penelope tells her suitor Antinous to make trial of the bow of Ulysses, and if fate prove favorable, she may too. Antinous at length puts an end to a fruitless suit with the following valedictory:

PENELOPE farewel, I go
To bend Ulysses' stubborn bow;
O Jupiter, be kind!
And never will Antinous ask
Of thee, O Jove, the harder task,
To bend a woman's mind.

AMARANTHUS.

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